

Gal g L b

THE
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E

In *Latin* and *English*;

With a Translation of

Dr. *BENTLEY*'s NOTES.

To which are added,

NOTES upon NOTES; Done in the
Bentleian Stile and Manner.

*Happy that Author, whose correct ESSAY
Restores so well the old Horatian way!* Roscommon.

P A R T I.

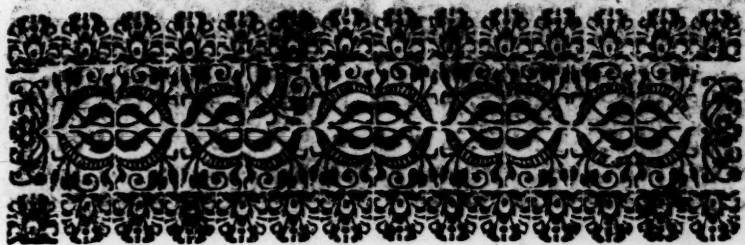
To be Continued.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the Cross-
Keys, between the two Temple-Gates in
Fleet-Street. 1712. (Price 6d.)

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THE PREFACE.



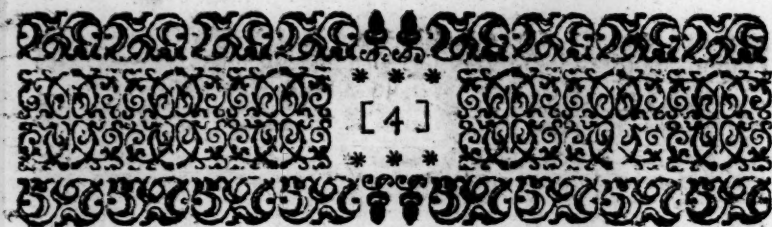
E humbly hope, that the Reader will encourage the following Essays, upon several Accounts.

First, As they are designed to shew him the best Author of Augustus's Age, in his native Purity.

Secondly, To give him a further Proof, how far all Attempts to render him into English, even after the best Version now Extant has succeeded no better, must fall short of the Beauties of the Original.

Thirdly, To convince him, how ridiculous it is to presume to correct Horace without Authority, upon the pretended Strength of superior Judgment in Poetry. And,

Lastly, How easily such a Presumption may be turned upon the Authors, and sufficiently expose them their own way.



Q. Horatii Flacci O D A R U M.

LIB. I.

ODE I. Ad MÆCENATEM.

(a)



MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus ?
O & presidium & dulce decus meum:
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympi-
cum

Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis

Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis

Terrarum dominos evehere ad Deos:

(b) Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium

Ceriat tergeminis tollere honoribus:

Illum, si proprio condidit horreo

Quicquid de Libycis verritur areis,

Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo

Agros, Attalicis conditionibus

Numquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ

Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.

Luctantem



T H E
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E.

B O O K I.

O D E I. *To MÆCENAS.*



MÆCENAS, born of Royal Blood,
My noblest Patron, sweetest Good!
There are who all their Pleasure place
In Chariots, and the rapid Race,
Who in *Olympic* Plains contend,

And joy to see the Dust ascend.
These, when they win the Field and Prize,
Grow into Gods, and reach the Skies.
Another courts the People's Voice,
And doats on Offices and Noise:
The Farmer from the *Lybian* Plains
Gathers the Product of his Pains;
No Promises of Wealth prevail
To make him hoist a doubtful Sail,
To trust the Winds, and try the Flood,
And leave the Fields his Father plow'd.

Luclantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, (c) otium & oppidi
Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbusto
Stratus, nunc ad aqua lene caput sacra.
Multos castra juvant, & lituo tuba
Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Fove frigido
Venator, tenera conjugis immemor;
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretis Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum edera pramia frontium
Dis miscent superis; me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori
Secernunt populo: si neque tibus
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.



The Merchant, when by Storms beset,
Commends a Country Life and Seat:
But when the sudden Danger's o'er,
Refits his Bark, and tries once more,
And hates the Crime of being poor.
The Toper underneath the Shade,
Or near some Spring supinely laid,
There all the Evening cheers his Soul,
And crowns with *Massick* Wine the Bowl.
The Soldier loves to shine in Arms,
And hear the Trumpets shrill Alarms,
That bid him to the Camp repair,
The Hero's Sport and Matron's Fear.
Unmindful of his tender Spouse,
The Hunter roves through Frosts and Snows:
He spreads his Toils, his Dogs pursue
The flying Boar, and Stag in view.

For me, a Poet's Sacred Name,
And Ivy Crown, is all I claim;
In *Pindus'* breezy Shades I stray,
Where Nymphs and Satyrs dance and play;
Then all the Vulgar I despise,
And to immortal Glory rise,
If the indulgent *Muses* deign
To let me sing in *Lyrick* Strain,
The Hero's Praise and Lover's Pain.
Rank me amidst that Sacred Quire,
Nor Men nor Gods can lift me higher.



(a) **T**HIS Ode stands for a *Proem* or *Prologue*; the thing shews it self plain: and was made the last in the Book, and then added to the rest. But in truth I am afraid, especially if there be any Faith in *Librarians*, that our Author, contrary to the Character of a *bright Fellow*, as his Friend *Pindar* has it, does not here shew himself in his best Cloaths, but has patcht a few sorry Rags together; since all Readers, from the time that Letters came again into Fashion till now, have complained, that in this Place his Lines are intricate, and seem to run upon Pebble-Stones. Let us examine the Period all together, as we find it both in *Editions* and *Manuscripts*.

One Man is pleas'd with Olym-
pick Games
And dusty Racing: if he can
double the Goal,
And win the Prize, this ele-
vates him to Heaven;
Another whilst he rises by the
Mob
To some great Honour or Of-
fice;
A Third if he can fill his own
Barns
With all the Corn that grows
in Lybia,
Whose greatest Joy is to plow
the Lands
His Father left him, will ne-
ver be tempted,

By Attalus's Wealth, to turn
Sailor.

Now the Question is, how these same words, *One Man, Another, a Third*, hang together, and where is the Connexion? For either it must run thus, *one is pleas'd, another is pleas'd; or thus, one is elevated, another is elevated; or thus, one will never be tempted, another will never be tempted.* There is no fourth way, and yet no one of these Constructions is right. For suppose you have most Affection for the last; why then you say, that you can never tempt that *other Man* who is arrived at great Honours, or that *third Man* who has all the Farms in *Africk* in his Hand, to leave their present way of Life and turn Merchants. Say you so? Are you thereabouts? Upon my word, these Fools have some Sense in them, if they have no Mind to put themselves in Danger for no Reason in the World, and run the hazard of getting an uncertain Estate at Sea, when they have a very good one at Land already. What great wonder is there, I beseech you, in all this? Do you think, you can make me believe, that ever *Pompey*, or *Caesar*, or *Crassus* should be persuaded to leave all, and set up for Mer-

Merchants? As for what follows, I receive and allow of it, where our Author affirms, that no Offers of Wealth can prevail upon the Countryman, who is in Possession of his Father's Means, to quit his present Business, and take to Trading: for being content with a little, and living idly, and out of *Nep-tune's* way, he can easily prefer a secure Poverty to uncertain and *operose* Riches. This is very right, and worth the mentioning; But that other Observation upon Emperors and great Landlords, who would not turn Merchants, is senseless and insipid, as both *Julius Scaliger* and *Janus Rutgersius* have already animadverted with Justice. But now perhaps you had rather stand to the other Construction; *another man is pleas'd*, who is in high Preferments: *a Third is pleas'd*, though vastly Rich; — Truly this would do, if the Law and Custom of speaking correctly, did not forbid it; For since that whole Sentence, *viz. the Prize elevates to the Heavens*, comes between those words: there are no Engins that I know of, to lift *it is pleas'd*, over so wide a space, and tack it to *it is another*. There remains a third Project; (and this is the Conjecture of *Rutgersius*, as also of *Isaac Pontanus*; as *Gataker* the Great tells us to his Commendation, *Advers. Poeth. c.*

16.) now this is brought about by fixing a *Comma* at *Prize*, so as that the word *Elevate* may agree with what follows; as thus, *It Elevates another Man* who is Honorable, *a Third* who is Rich. And yet this Construction, though it be more *Commodious* than the other two, does not please me on many Accounts; for what force and violence is here, that *Prize* should be torn asunder from *Elevate*, when the Course of the Words had knit them so firmly together? Besides, how Hungry, Dry and *Invenuste* is the Sentence, if *Prize* must stand by it self, and nothing follow thereupon? Then who can bear with Patience to have *Elevate* supply the Place of an Impersonal Verb? *Lastly*, how comes it to be taken for Granted, that he, who has a good stock of Corn in his Barns, must for that Reason be presently elevated to the Skies? I cannot think the way to Heaven so trite and easie; and it is a shame, that those vile Misers the *Ummidii*, *Fusidii*, *Staberii*, *Opimii*, and filthy *Natta*, should now for the sake of Corn and Mony be placed by our Author among the Gods, whom in his *Satyrs* he thought unworthy to be reckoned Men. Believe me, *Horace* is not so far out of his Wits. But now, couple *Prize* and *Elevate* together, and then all is right and according to Custom,

stom, that he who came off Conqueror in the Olympick Games, should be compared to the Gods. See our Author, *Od.* 4. 2. and *Cicero pro Flacc.* c. 13. There you'll find that such Conquerors were more extolled in *Greece*, than those who had Triumph'd in *Rome*; and yet those who Triumph'd in *Rome*, were valued as Gods; see our *Horace*, *Epist.* 1. 17. Therefore by a better or at least as good a Right to this same Elevation, these Conquerors were to be taken for Gods. *Lucian* in *Ana.* calls these *θεοὶ*, or God-fellows; and *Philip*, who was one of them, had divine Honours pay'd him after his Death; *Euthymus*, who was another, enjoyed the same Honour in his Life-time, when he was in a Capacity to taste the Pleasure of it, as *Herodotus*, *Pliny*, and other Writers testify. Therefore we are by no means to listen to *Rutgersius* and his Crew, nor must we suffer the word *Elevate* to agree with any thing but *Prize*. Now what shall we do? Why truly the Place must undergo a little Correction, before we can beat it into good Sense. I take upon me to promise, that as it came from the Poet, it should certainly run thus.

One Man is pleas'd with Olympick Games

And dusty Racing, his Delight
is the Prize,
That can so easily place him
among the Gods:
Another, whilst ——— a Third,
if he ———

Where the Order and Meaning lie in this manner. Many, O *Macenas*, are the Inclinations of Mankind: Some are pleased with the Olympick Prize, which can make a Man a God: Another is pleased with Honours, a Third with Wealth; the Countryman will not be persuaded to turn Merchant, nor the Merchant to live in the Country; some follow Pleasure, others the Camp, others Hunting, but my Choice is the Glory of writing Odes. This is the Thread and Meaning of the Poem; which seems to bear some Resemblance to *Pindar*, who has these Lines extant in *Sextus Empiricus*, *Pyrrh. Hypot.* p. 18.

Ἀλλ' ὁπόδον μὲν τις ἐὺ-
οραί-
Νατὶν ἵππων τιμὰ τε σῖ-
ρανοί·
Τὸ δ' ἐν πολυχρύστοις θα-
λάμοις βιοτὰ.
Τέρπεται ὃ καὶ τίς ἐπ' οἴδμ'
ἄλιον
Ναὶ δοᾷ σῶς διαείχων.

Some are pleased with the Honours and Garlands won by swift Horses: Others love fine Apartments: A third are delighted with going to Sea in a good Ship. In this Passage we write
τινας.

juvat for *τιν* for the sake of *τῆς* which follows: *βιο-α*, for *βιωτὰ*: *οὗς* *διό-τιχων*, for *οὗν διατίχων*. Let us see now how the words of *Horace* agree with *Andar*. First you are to observe, that *π sunt-quos* must be taken for one word, and as they say in *Greek*, *ὅφ' ἐν*, and signifies the same thing as *Quosdam* and *Aliquos*: thus in *Greek* *εἰσιν* &c, *εἰσιν* *his*, which is common. Our *Horace* has it, *Serm.* 1. 4. v. 24.

*Quid sunt-quos genus hoc mi-
nime juvat, utpote plures
Culpari dignos:*

Where unless you take *sunt-quos* *ὅφ' ἐν*, it should be *Digni* and not *Dignos*. *Art. Poet.* 361.

*Ut pictura, poesis: erit-quæ,
si proprius sis,
Te capiet magis; & quædam,
si longius abses.*

And here also unless *erit-quæ* be taken *ὅφ' ἐν*, it should be *quæ* and not *quædam*. Now do but imagine the Passage to run thus.

One Man is pleas'd with O-
lympick Games,
Another, whilst ——— a
Third, if ———

I fancy these Words take a nearer Acquaintance with your Ears, and grow more familiar. Besides you must

observe, that *Prize*, *Dust*, and *Goal*, do all agree with *is pleased*, so that the word *Juvat*, *is pleased*, has sometimes the force of a *Personal Verb*, sometimes of an *Impersonal*, in the very same Sentence. See our Author, *Car.* 4. 1. and *Juvenal*, 11. 199. Now this uncommon way of speaking is that which has blinded the Eyes of some *Librarians*: and then they were led into an Error, by not knowing how to construe, *Nobilis euehere*, which is a Phrase derived from the *Greek*. *Horace* and the Poets of the succeeding Age use it frequently. See *Carm.* 1. 37. 3. 12, &c. *Persius* 1. 118. *Silius Italicus* 3. 375. 387. There are innumerable Instances to this purpose in *Silius*, and several in *Lucan* and *Statius*. But that alone (*Carm.* 1. 12.) confirms our Emendation, where the very same word is thus used in the very same Connexion.

———— *Illum superare pugnis
Nobilem.* ———

Silius has the Fellow of it, 1. 11. 73. and *Propertius* 4. 10. v. 42. *Lucan* comes near it, 3. 697. and *Persius* 6. 6. which must be corrected thus.

Egregius inuisse senes.

So we read it in the *Gallean Copy*, and in that be-
longing to *Trinity College*, and
not as it is in the *Vulgar*.
Egre-

Egregios. Thus I present you with a most exact Emendation of *Horace*, unless all my Projects fail me, by which the Sense is set upon its Legs after a very extraordinary manner, and the Language looks much brighter than it did.

(b) *Hunc si mobilium.*] *Mobilium* is the best reading according to several old Copies, as the *Blandinian*, which are four in the Possession of *Cruguius*, two belonging to *Pulmannus*, and one of *Bersmannius*, besides the best of our own, the *Leiden*, *Gravian*, and that in *Queen's College Library*, which in the various Readings was copy'd by the same Hand, and this agrees also with the old Scholiast. Let no body therefore mind the modern Editions, or presume to write it *Nobilium*, since *Palma Nobilis* is but a Verse or two before; and who does not see how foolish and trifling a Repetition that would make. I own the *Romans* might be stiled *Noble*, because of the Greatness of their Empire; This I grant: but why *Turba Nobilium*? These two Words, as they are join'd together, have nothing else to do but to contrive their own Destruction; whilst the Epithet *Mobilium*, does justly point out and reprove that Levity and Inconstancy of the Mob in disposing of their Votes to Great Men. See *Epif.* 1. 19. *Statius*, *Sil.* 2. 2. v. 123. *Seneca*, *Her. Fur.* v. 169. The

same Blunder has a long time been tolerated in most of the Copies of *Lucan.* 4. 521.

— *Cunctas sustulit ardas*
Nobilium mentes juvenum----

But observe the Sense and Diction, and read for the future, *Mobilium juvenum.* vi. *Virgil. Geo.* 3. 165. For as for what our Author says, *Carm.* 4. 12. *Juvenum nobilium cliens*, where we shall produce more Matter upon this Head, it is not sufficient to justify the Vulgar Reading in *Lucan*, as if that Epithet were therefore to be given to a select Company of young Men.

(c) *Otium & oppidi laudat rura sui.*] It is certainly a very ingenious Conjecture of *Acidalius Valens* in his Notes on *Valleius Paterculus*, 2. 130.

Laudat Tuta sui.

Which Emendation *Gronovius* Senior privately stole and made his own. *Observ. Eccles.* c. 10. p. 101. where he thus corrects *Pavlinus*.

Repetitque portum, & terra tuto via
Prævertit intutum maris,

And then quotes *Horace* after he had repeated *Tutum via.*

Laudat Tuta sui.

Now I for my part have always a Mind to herd among

Among sharp Fellows: for
 who I could bear with the
 vulgar Lestion, yet I think
 the Opposition between *Tuta*
 and *Meinens* more pretty and
 agreeable; and yet *Tuta* may
 be found alone, *Ovid. Trif.*
 201. *Tacitus, Annal.* 1. 2.
 Alto *Tuta* in Company with
Oppidi. *Virgil.* 11. 382. Then
 besides, *Orium & Tuta* are
 purely joined in *Martial* 12.
 2. and 3. 67. *Virgil Geo.* 3.
 376. Lastly, there is some

Sense in commending those
 things which are *Safe*, So
 our Author *Epif.* 1. 15. espe-
 cially if he who commends
 be a Merchant, for being ex-
 posed to so many Perils in
 order to raise a Fortune, he
 makes it his best Wish to se-
 cure a *safe Retreat*. Thus a-
 gain our *Horace, Serm.* 1. 1.
 As for *Rura oppidi*, I never
 met with it nor any thing
 like it in all my Reading.

NOTES upon NOTES ODE I.

P*Roemii, ut res ipsa indi-*
cat.] Whereas it may
 possibly enter into the Heads
 of some Paultry Judges, that
 a *Proem* or *Prologue* may be
 such a sort of a Creature, as
 that an Author might think
 fit to compose it *first*, and
 affix it to the beginning of
 his Book: These are to give
 Notice, that a Decree is now
 come forth from the great
Bentivoglio, by which *Pro-*
logues are appointed to be
 made last, and immediately
 to precede *Finis*; and that
 whatever is *first* compos'd
 and *begins* a Book, is for the
 future to be call'd by the
 Name of *Epilogue*; for so,
 says that great Man, *the na-*
ture of the thing requires; and
 besides that, such is his Will
 and Pleasure.

Jam quaritur, HUNC &
ILLUM.] There is in this
 place a strange Huddle and

Medley of *Pronouns*, enough
 to maze an ordinary Com-
 mentator; but the Dr.
 springs through them with
 great Nimbleness and Agili-
 ty of Body. The *English* u-
 sually express themselves up-
 on these Occasions, when they
 are in danger of being puz-
 zled by censuring the whole,
 as *This and That and T'other*;
 but the Learned Dr. has
 divided, subdivided, and
 taken them so to pieces,
 given an Account of *This*,
 discanted upon *That*, and
 profoundly utter'd his Judg-
 ment of *T'other*, 'till having
 most harmoniously rung the
 Changes upon all of them,
 to the great Entertainment
 of Nice and Critical Ears, he
 has at last exceeded the cele-
 brated Performance of the
 Author of that elaborate
Poem, which begins thus,

The

14 NOTES upon NOTES. ODE I.

*The Twister he Twisteth a
Twisterly Twist.*

And also far outshone that
famous Ode.

*Three blue Beans in a blue
Bladder;*

Rattle, Bladder, Rattle!

Parvo contentus.] The honest Country-man, who is here suppos'd by the Dr. to be contented with a little, is the very same reasonable Creature, whom Horace in this very Place puts in Possession of all *Lybia*, which the Dr. calls all *Africa*; and truly if that be the little Portion with which it has pleased the Gods to bless him, he has good reason to be Contented; and I am entirely of the Dr's mind, that he has no manner of Cause to put off to Sea, in order to look out for more.

Haud crediderim tam facilem iramque fuisse ad superos viam.] Our Learned Critick will by no means allow, that rich Men should fancy themselves Gods, but he heartily contends for a Right to this Dignity, in behalf of those, who had won a Race, or carried off the Prize at the Olympick Games. His Reason is, because the way to Heaven is not irise and easie; and yet they who run Races and ride for Plates, seem to delight chiefly in this sort of Roads. However I love a Critick who mingles some Divinity with his Remarks, and Mora-

lizes upon a Pagan Writer, by letting us know, for the Encouragement of a Warlike Age, that all Religion is Fighting and Horse-racing in a literal Sense, and that Wrestlers and Cudgel-players have the best Title to Heaven.

Euthymus etiam virus sentiensque.] History does not give us a full account of this *Euthymus*, who was, no doubt, a famous Olympick Champion; but whether Quarter-staff, Back-Sword, Single Fauchion, or Sword and Potlid were his Weapons, as also whether the Bull or Bear was his chief Game, is not so clear from Antiquity. All the Discovery that the Dr. here makes is, that he was made a God in his Life-time: When, says the Dr. he might be sensible of the Honour that was done him; for we are to understand, that in those Days, it was a Custom to make a sort of Gods, who really never arrived at a thorough Knowledge of their own Preference.

Ubi et ius dedimus.] Whilst the Dr. is upon Horace, whatever other Author comes in his way, whether Ovid, Pindar, Persius, Juvenal, &c. though they are summon'd to assist him with Quotations, yet if they happen to be out, they must be sure to feel his Lash, and learn for the future to speak as he would have them. This is frequent in great Schools, where

NOTES upon NOTES. ODE I. 15

where though there be but one single Boy immediately under the Master's Care, yet if any of the rest cannot tell what was the last Word, what's next, or where such a one left off, up goes his Linnen, and he is not dismissed without some critical Emendations on his Posteriors.

Librarium oculis caliginem offundit.] The Dr. has, in several parts of this *Ode*, been very severe upon an Order of Men, whom we call *Librarians*. At the beginning of his Remarks he makes it a Question, whether we are to give them any Credit; and in this place he is positive, that they do not sometimes understand Greek; that they are often in the Dark, and cannot construe Latin. The Truth of it is, this Race of Pedants is so obnoxious for their Pride, Ignorance and Obstinacy; that if he had lash'd them more vigorously, the World would have readily come into his Sentiments.

Habes itaque, aut omnia me fallunt, certissimam Flacci emendationem.] It was ever allowed, that Persons of established Reputations might speak well of themselves; for which reason the Dr. here assures us, that his Emendations of Horace are most true and exact; but, says he, with this Modest Proviso, if all my

Projects do not fail me: Which is much the same with what a famous Italian Author said on a like Occasion.

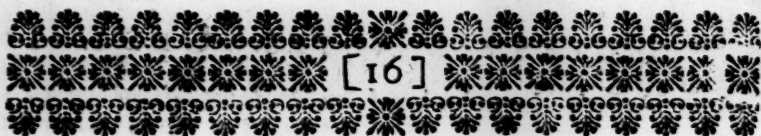
Read, Judge, Try:
And if you dye,
Never believe me more.

RURA OPPIDI vel simile quid non usquam legisse memini.] A few little Slips and Mistakes are not to be taken notice of in an Author, whose Beauties are superior. Horace himself pleads for this Privilege, and accounts for such Mistakes in a very candid manner,

— *Quas aut incuria fecit,
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.* —

If therefore Dr. B. avers, that he never read any such Expression as *RURA OPPIDI*, or any thing like it, let no bold Critick presume to censure him, for not recollecting a famous Aphorism in *Lithography*, now extant in St. James's Park, not far from the Library, where if *Urbs* and *Oppidum* may be suppos'd to signifie two things not extremely different from one another, we have certainly met with an Expression very much like *Rura Oppidi*. Vide *Buckingham-house*. *Part Posterior*.

O D E



ODE II. *Ad* AUGUSTUM.

JAM satis terris nivis atque dira
Grandinis misit Pater, & rubente
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit Urbem :

Terruit gentis, grave ne rediret
Saculum Pyrrha nova monstra quæstæ:
Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes ;

Piscium & summâ genus hæsit ulmo,
(d) Nota qua sedes fuerat columbis ;
Et superjecto pavida natarunt
Æquore dama ;

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta Regis,
Templaque vestæ,

Ilia dum se nimium querenti
Factat ultorem, vagus & sinistra
Labitur ripa, Jove non probante,
Uxorius amnis.

Audiet civis acuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Persa melius perirent ;
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juvenius.

Quem



ODE II. TO AUGUSTUS.

I.

SURE 'tis enough! give o'er, dread Sire!
To show'r thy stormy Hailstones down,
To smite the *Capitol* with Fire,
And rock with Thunderbolts the frighted Town.

II.

Compas'd with Prodigies, we fear'd
That *Pyrrha's* Watry Age was near,
When *Proteus* drove his scaly Herd
Up to the Hills, and dispossest the Deer:

III.

When Fishes play'd among the Boughs,
And chac'd the flutt'ring Birds away:
When Doves took Wing, and frighted Does
Swam thro' the Woods, and wander'd in the Sea.

IV.

We saw, when o'er *Etruria's* Plain
Great *Tiber* from his Channel stray'd,
Prophane'ly wasting *Vesta's* Fane,
And Monuments of Kings in Ruins laid;

V.

Full of Revenge and fond Desire,
For *Ilia's* sake, he rais'd his Flood:
Whilst to the Left his Waves aspire,
Though *Jove* himself forbade th' uxorious God.

VI.

Our Youth shall hear the Sound of Arms,
To gall the *Parthian* Foe decreed;
Shall rouse to War and fresh Alarms,
And for Paternal Crimes our Children bleed.

B

VII. To

*Quem vocet Divum populus ruentis
Imperi rebus ? prece qua fatigent
Virgines sancta minus audientem
Carmina Vestam ?*

*Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
Jupiter ? tandem venias, precamur,
(e) Nube candentis humeros amictus
Angur Apollo :*

*Sive tu maris, Erycina ridens,
Quam Focus circumvolat & Cupido :
Sive neglectum genus & nepotes
Respicis Auctor,*

*Heu nimis longo satiate ludo ;
Quem juvat clamor, galeaque leves,
(f) Acer & Marfi peditis cruentum
Vultus in hostem ;*

*Sive mutata Juvenem figura
Ales in terris imitaris, alma
Filius Maia, patiens vocari
Caesaris ultor.*

*Serus in calum redeas, diuque
(g) Latus intersis populo Quirini :
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura*

*Tollat : hic magnos potius triumphos,
Hic ames dici Pater atque Princeps :
Nen sinas Medos equitare inultos,
Te duce, Caesar.*



VII.

To what propitious Shrine or Pow'r
 Shall the declining State repair?
 How shall the *Vestal* Maids implore
 Their angry Goddess with incessant Pray'r?

VIII.

What Victim will great *Jove* admit,
 T' avert a guilty Nation's Doom?
 O *Phabus*! veil thy Beams of Light,
 And clad in Clouds, to our Assistance come.

IX.

Or thou, fair *Venus*! bring thy Train
 Of Loves and Smiles and Amorous Mirth:
 Or thou, great *Mars*! revive again
 Thy long forgotten Sons, and Fav'rite Earth.

X.

Let Streams of Blood and tedious War
 Allay thy Thirst, thy Rage appease;
 Tho' only Arms, the Sword and Spear,
 And Troops in close Array, thy Godhead please.

XI.

Or dost thou, gentle *Maia*'s Son!
 With ready Help protect the Good?
 Hast thou dissembled Youth put on,
 Deigning to purge the Earth from *Cesar*'s Blood?

XII.

Long may the Age enjoy thy Stay,
 O Great *Augustus*! and no Crimes
 Urge thy Return, or wing thy Way
 Back to the Gods, and thy own Heav'n, betimes.

XIII.

Long may'st thou here on Earth maintain
 The Names of Father, Good, and Great,
 Make the World happy in thy Reign,
 And from Invading Foes secure the State.

(d) *Nota qua sedes fuerat columbis.*] The Bat-
telian Copy varies the Lecti-
on to *Palumbis*, to which the
old Scholiast agrees, who ob-
serves, that Horace did but
lightly mention the *Fishes* and
Ring-doves upon so extraordi-
nary an Occasion. This place has
had a Mark upon it a great
while, because Pigeons do
seldom or never perch up-
on Trees, how then comes
Horace to call the Elm the
usual Seat of Doves? shall we
therefore hearken to the a-
bove-named Vouchers, and
clap in *Palumbis*? But then
here's a Rub: for our Au-
thor, and also Virgil write
Palumbem, and not *Palum-
bum*: tho' for all this *Palum-
bus* is not without some great
Names to support it, *Columella*,
Pliny, *Martial*, *Cato de re Ruf.*
c. 91. the Vulgar *Perfius* runs
thus,

———— *Teneroque columbo.*

And yet this very Place is
in several old Editions, and
three Copies which I have
consulted, plainly altered for
Palumbo. We may excuse the
received Lesson of Horace by
saying, that Ring-doves are
comprehended under the
Name *Columba*, and yet even
then, the τὸ ἐνδὲ ἀβλαντον, and
also the Ambiguity, is by no
means accounted for.

(e) *Nube candentes humeros
amictus.*] So we read it in many

modern Editions: but the fa-
mous Venetian and Lofcherian
render it *Candenti*, and thus
did the old Scholiast Acron;
Nube candenti, says he, is bet-
ter than *Candentis humeros*;
Thus Lambinus, Torrentius,
and others found it in some
Copies; but they tread upon
the Place a-tip toe, and touch
it so lightly, that you can't
tell to which Lesson they
have most mind. As for me,
I never met with this same
Candenti in any Book of Cre-
dit; thy all plainly give it
for *Candentis*: only in the
Gravian Copy, the Letter s
was heretofore scratcht a lit-
tle by some malicious Hand:
Yet so, that it is still plain e-
nough to be read. But let
us examine the matter. First,
I beseech you, what a terri-
ble Gap is here made by
Candenti, such as has no fellow
in all Horace? Consider be-
sides, that our Author scarce
ever ends the Ablative Cases
of such kind of Participles in
Ti but in Te, as in this ve-
ry Ode, *Rubente, probante*, and
elsewhere, *Fulgente, Can-
den* Turn forwards, and see
what we shall say at
Od. 1. 25. v. 17. But that
which is the cream of the
Jest, this *nube candenti* is not
only besides the Sense of the
Place, but directly spoils it.
For Apollo's design by put-
ting on a Cloud was to hide
himself, that no Mortal
should see him. Of this I am
positive,

positive, and accordingly Horace, whence this Fancy is borrowed, *Iliad. E. v. 186.* and *v. 344.* makes *Apollo* put a Cloud over *Aeneas*, that *Diomed* should not see him. Hence *Virgil* also took his hint, *An. 12. 456. l. 15.* and *l. 520.* But now how, I pray, does it hang together, or what had the Poet in his Head, to make a God, who had a mind to be in private, discover himself by the very brightness of the Cloud in which he was hid? Nothing can be more stupid and foolish than this. But not to use many words, we have carried it for *Candentis humeros* out of the best Parchment Copies. The Epithets, *Bright, Shining, Splendid*, do always belong to the Shoulder. *Statius, Situ. 3. 4. Tibullus, l. 8. Hor. Carm. l. 13. and 2. 5.* And if Mortal Shoulders may be said to look bright, how much brighter must the Shoulders of *Apollo* look, who is all over Light and Brightness? *V. 8. 720.*

(f) *Acer & Mauri peditis cruentum vultus in hostem.* That arch Fellow *Tanaquil Faber* says, Mend this place, and write *Marli*, for the Moors were no warlike People: I will hereafter make good this Alteration; and the renowned *Dacier* very readily agrees with his Father-in-Law, but he does not make his other words good, only comes off coldly, that some old Editions justify this Lesson. But I should be glad to see 'em, or

to know where they are. I have lookt into several, and have a great many old ones by me, and yet could I never luck upon this same Lesson; therefore I am afraid, that this is one of honest *Tanaquil's* Dreams, which was sent him through the Ivory Gate; and yet notwithstanding this, the Emendation is most certain, tho' all the Copies, Manuscripts, and Editions should offer to assert the contrary. For we have here a Description of a Soldier, who is valiant, who fights a-foot, and faces his Enemy bravely. These three things are plain from the words; and yet we will demonstrate, that nothing of this can be true of the Moors. First, they were never reckoned Stout: for the Spaniards and Gauls could beat them, much more the Romans. See *Hirtius de bello Afri. c. 6. Livy, 23. 26.* Neither did the Moors fight usually on-foot; They were indeed tolerable Horsemen. Nor yet would they fight Hand to Hand, but stood, like Parthians, at a distance, shot their Arrows, and then ran away. *Valer. Flaccus. 3. 587. Hirtius. c. 7. c. 97. Tacitus Hist. 2. 58. Claudian de Bell. Gildon. 432.* Thus the whole matter is decided, and it appears that the Moors were Cowards, fought on Horseback, and when they had flung their Darts at a distance, betook themselves to flight. Besides *Horace's* Connexion is observable.

Quem

*Quem juvat clamor galeæque
leves,
Acer & Mauri peditis cruentum
Vultus in hostem.*

So that he plainly means such a Foot-Soldier as wore a Helmet: Whereas you find by the last Quotation, that the Moors always fought without one. *Silius*. 10. 605. Lastly, though we should pardon all these Blunders, and admit that the Moors were Foot-Soldiers, valiant, armed with Helmets, and such as fought hand to hand, all which is a horrid Lye: Yet Horace would be the greatest Blockhead in Nature, if he should run to the Moors for a Pattern of Warlike Virtue. For he says here, that Mars took Pleasure in the stern Looks of the Moors, and that this very Mars was the Founder of the Roman State; and is desired to have some regard for his Nephews and Kinsfolks, the Romans. What then? Would Mars speak his delight for Moorish Valour, in order to shew his Kindness for the Romans? And yet these very Romans were the greatest Enemies the Moors had; so that this *Cruentus hostis* here mentioned, who was so often wounded and mauled by the Moors, must forsooth be a Roman. Prithee, Horace, don't talk at this rate! Nor would Mars suffer such an Affront upon his Nephews and Kinsfolks. Could he be taken with the valour of any one Nation, so much as of the

Romans? This is all wrong; the true Reading then is *Marsi*, who were the stoutest People in Italy. See *Strabo* 5. p. 241. *Appian*. bell. civil. 1. p. 639. *Virgil*. *Georg.* 3. *Horat.* *Carm.* 2. 20. & 3. 5.

(g) *Latus intersis populo Quirini.*] Three of Lambin's Books, and one of Cruquius read, *Quirino*. All other Books and Librarians read *Quirini*, and they have my Approbation into the Bargain. Nick Heinsius, a great Man, has a mind to the first Reading. *Ovid.* *Fast.* 4. 375. and so has the learned *Broukhuisius*. *Propert.* 4. 10. and thus we read, *Gens Romula, Venena Colcha, Sulpicia horrea*, And yet our Author, *Ep.* 2. 2. v. 68.

—— Colle *Quirini*.

Where Heinsius reads *Quirino*; but he does this without Book, nor will any Body lend an Ear to him, because of that Jingle, *Quirino, avirino*, which is very offensive. See *Ovid.* *Metam.* 14. 836. —— Colle *Quirino*. Where some Books, as Heinsius remarks, read *Quirini*, and yet he corrects it *Quirino*, tho' supported by a few Authorities. Perhaps this is right, because *Quirini* went just before. *Ovid.* *Fast.* 4. 375. Colle *Quirini*. So say all the Parchments, and 'tis to no purpose for Heinsius to foist in his *Quirino*. *Juven.* 2. 133. *Ovid.* *Trist.* 1. 3. v. 33. & 7. 37. *Alta Quirini*. —— Urbe *Quirini*. Here

where you shall never put your *Quirina* upon us, because we have the Epithets, *Alta* and *Placida*, on our side. *Pont.* 1. 5. v. 73. & *Fast.* 1. 69. *Mem.* 15. 572. 756. *Sidonius.*

Ep. 19. 16. Thus all the Books agree, and therefore I can never consent to give any Disturbance to a Lession, that has slept quietly so many Years.

NOTES upon NOTES. ODE 2.

A *Rhoribus raro aut nunquam Columbae insistant.*] This Observation is certainly most just, that Pigeons do very seldom Perch upon Trees; and therefore Horace did ill to call the Elm, *Nota sedes Columbis.* Whether the English Pidgeon be the full Translation of the Latin *Columba*, is not yet settled by the Learned: Neither do we fully know what sort of Perches were allow'd for Doves among the Romans; but I hear the celebrated and accurate *Burmannus* will shortly oblige the World with a very curious Dissertation on the Rise and Improvement of Roman Pidgeon-Houses, which will set this matter in a clear Light.

Quo Poeta consilio factum, ut qui oculos fallere & latere conatur, nobis istius candore se ipse manifestet? The most curious Judges are afraid of every Nicety which may render an Author suspected of trifling; as here the Dr. is concern'd for Horace, lest he should be thought to mean, That Apollo, though he had a mind to be In-cog, would yet dress himself in a bright Cloud, which Circumstance alone would discover

him; but I have sometimes known very bulky things, and things apparently obvious to the Sight, which for all that have served to conceal those who had a mind to get behind them, and not be seen; as for instance, I have often thought a Tree appear'd plain enough to my view, and yet I could not for my Blood discover an arch Fellow who skulk'd behind it. Nay, the Moon shines clear enough sometimes, and yet the Man in the Moon is as safe from being discovered, as if he wore the thickest Vizor: Neither could we ever yet obtain any tolerable Description of his Person.

Candens, nitens, fulgens, perpetua sunt humeri epitheta.]

We must not take this in the strictest Sense, so as never to apply those fine Epithets, *Bright and splendid*, to any other part of the Body, but to the Shoulder only. Horace has several fine Ladies, to whose Cheeks, Breasts, and especially to their Eyes, he frequently gives the very same Names with great Propriety of Speech; nay, there are of his own Sex and Acquaintance, tho' perhaps not very intimate,

to whose Foreheads we may make the same Compliment, without breach of Justice.

Ei somnium hoc advolaveris per eburneam portam.] This Passage is remarkable; the Dr. affirms, that a certain Manuscript appeared to Tanaquil Faber in a Dream. Where we are to observe, that Dreaming is often and justly ascribed to Criticks and Commentators.

Emendatio ista certissima est, refragantibus licet omnibus libris, & scriptis & editis.] This Emendation is most certain, let all Manuscripts and Editions say what they will to the contrary. This is the true Meaning of the Dr's Words, and I come as near to them as possible. Nothing can be added to their Beauty, and the strictest Justice I could do them, was by a Litteral Translation: Let Criticks and Carpers say what they will to the contrary.

Fortis, & Peditis, & cominus Pugnantis.] Where Horace supposes Mars to delight in Cruelty, among other Circumstances, he makes him pleased with a stern Look and Visage, such as the Moors had then, and retain to this very Day. Now tho' it does not follow, that the Countenance of a Moor should be a natural Proof of his Valour, yet the Dr. is resolved, that Valour is included in the Character; and because the Face is mentioned, therefore he will have it, that the People here mentioned must be prov'd to

have usually fought hand to hand: For which Reason, having discover'd from Antient Authors, that the Moors were no good Soldiers, to which the Moderns also agree, he routs them out of the Field, and rallies the *Marsians* in their stead. It is probable that his Readers might have been contented, that the Moors should have kept their Ground, notwithstanding their Countenances; but it seems Mars would have it otherwise: and the Dr. did not think it safe to deny a Person of his Character all reasonable Satisfaction.

A Mauro confossus ac truncatus Romanus.] Here the Dr. supposes the Moors to be a very formidable Enemy to the Romans, by whom they had been often slain and routed; and yet just before, they were Cowards, Pultrooms, that could not look the Romans in the Face, nay thirty Gauls could put two thousand of them to flight. Such is the Uncertainty, such the Vicissitudes of War! O happy Critick, whose Emendations do not only reach our Grammar and Syntax, but correct our very Morals and Politicks!

Apaga tam indignam & in Nepotes & in auctorem contumeliam] Mars is here suppos'd to take part with his Nephews and near Relations the Romans against Horace, if he should offer to affront them; and therefore no wonder if the Dr. be so importunate

NOTES upon NOTES. ODE 2. 25

nate with an Author, for whose Safety he had the least regard, to take care of himself.

Alii omnes omnium, mei certe magno consensu.] All Criticks are suppos'd to have the Supreme Legislative Power residing in them; and therefore, when all other Transcribers, Scholiasts, and Editors had given their Judgment, the Dr. according to form subscribes, *We have seen and do approve, he is therefore enacted, and so forth.*

Verum nulli libri suffragantur.] Who this Nick Heinsius is, whom the Dr. censures for

presuming to insert Emendations without Authority from Manuscripts and Copies, is not so clear; but it is best for him to be in Obscurity, since he has so justly incurr'd the Displeasure of the Dr. and for so heinous a Crime.

Tinnitu aures offenduntur.] Here our Author will by no means suffer Horace to be guilty of any thing like a Jingle, which may offend the Reader's Ears: For though Poets have large Privileges, they are not allowed to encroach upon the proper Province of their Commentators.



O D E III.

SIC te Diva potens Cypri,
 Sic fratres Helena, lucida sidera,
 Ventorumque regat pater,
 Obstrictis aliis præter Japyga;
 Navis, qua tibi creditum
 Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
 Reddas incolumem, precor,
 Et serves anima dimidium mea.
 Illi robur & as triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
 Decertantem Aquilonibus,
 Nec tristis Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti:
 Quo non arbiter Hadria
 Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
 Quem mortis timuit gradum,
 (a) Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
 (b) Qui vidit mare turbidum, &
 (c) Infamis scopulos Acroceraunia?
 (d) Necquiquam Deus abscidit
 Prudens Oceano dissociabilis
 Terras, si tamen impia
 Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
 Audax omnia perpeti,
 Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
 Audax Japeti genus
 Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.
 Post ignem æthereâ domo
 Subductum, macies & nova febrium
 Terris incubuit cohors:
 Semotique prius tarda necessitas
 Leti corripuit gradum.
 Expertus vacuum Dadalus aera
 Pennis non homini datis.
 Perrupit Acheronta Hercules

(e) Nabonissus

O D E III.

SO may bright *Venus* glitter o'er the Deep,
 And the fair *Twins* with double Lustre shine.
 Whilst all the Winds within their Caverns sleep,
 But only those which favour thy Design;
 If thou, dear Ship! from Storms and Wracks defend,
 And, as I wish and pray, betimes restore
Ergil, my better Half, my nearest Friend,
 And Land him safe on *Athens* longing Shore.
 Hard was his Heart, inclos'd in Folds of Brass,
 Who in a feeble Bark first boldly try'd
 The Watry Path and Region of the Seas,
 And adverse Winds and swelling Waves defy'd.
 No raging Storms could shock his mighty Soul,
 Nor craggy Rocks by forked Lightning split,
 Though *Northern* Blasts along the Ocean howl,
 To which the *Adriatick* Waves submit.
 Death in no form could ever move his Fear,
 Who calmly with attentive Mind and Eyes
 The Horrors of the Deep unmov'd could bear,
 And view the Monsters of the low Abyss.
 The Earth by *Jove* was parted from the Main,
 Who gave each Element its proper place:
 But haughty Man obstructs what Gods ordain,
 Since impious Ships the Sacred Bounds o'erpass.
 No Pow'rs the Pride of Mortals can controul,
 Prone to new Crimes, by strong Presumption driv'n;
 With Sacrilegious Hands *Prometheus* stole
 Cælestial Fire, and bore it down from Heav'n.
 That fatal Present brought on Mortal Race
 An Army of Diseases: Death began
 With Vigour then to mend his halting Pace,
 And found a more compendious Way to Man.
 With Human Wings, not form'd by Nature's Aid,
 Whose noblest Works vain Art would oft excel,
 Wise *Dadalus* the starry Realms survey'd,
 Whilst great *Alcides* forc'd the Gates of Hell.

(c) *Nil mortalibus ardui est.*

*Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ: neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Fovem ponere fulmina.*

Dr. B—'s NOTES. ODE 3.

(a) **Q**UI siccis oculis monstra
natantia.] Truly this is
a very smart Passage,
and the whole Ode is finely done,
and with no vulgar Spirit and
Judgment; but then, either
I am quite beside the Saddle,
or else I shall plainly make it
appear, that under this smooth
Skin a very filthy Sore lies lurk-
ing. Let us look closer into the
Business. The Scholiast very
well interprets those words
(*Siccis oculis*, Dry Eyes) by
Sine Lacrymis, i. e. Free from
Tears, and calls *Lucan* to wit-
ness for him. 9. 1044.

*Qui sicco lumine campos
Viderit Emathios.*

And you may add, if you
please, *Seneca de Tranquill.* 15.
and *Propertius.* 1. 17. *Sicca
Gena*, which is the same thing,
is very frequent among the
Poets. See *Ovid. Trist.* 1. 1.
Martial. 12. 3. 1. 79. Now
put all this together, and then
let us examine our Author's
Meaning. What a Stout Heart,
says he, had that Man, What
Pains and Method of Dying
could he be afraid of, who
trusting himself on Shipboard,
first set Sail, and could with-
out Tears behold the Monstrous
Beasts, turbulent Waves, and
horrible Rocks, all which are

very terrible things? Very
pretty truly! But now I do
positively affirm, that the
most Chicken-hearted Fellow
amongst us, nay even a very
Wench could do all this, and
stand such a Sight without
Crying; For being in a very
dreadful Consternation, she
could not shed a Tear, tho'
she would never so fain, this
being the Nature of us all.
Pity, Passion, Desire, Shame,
sudden Danger, a small Fright,
or the Remembrance of some
great and narrow Escape, these
will make a Man cry whether
he will or no: but when we
are surpris'd into some great
and terrible Mischief that
pops upon us on the sudden,
there is no room for crying,
no not for a little Girl, if
that should be her case. We
all know this. Our great
School-dame, Nature, and e-
very Man's Experience teaches
us as much. Now where is
the Wonder or the Miracle, if
a valiant Fellow should look
upon all this with dry Eyes,
which the greatest Cowards
can behold without weeping?
Nay more than this, the
greater the Fright, the drier
the Eyes; insomuch that you
shall have them stand stiff
and immoveable in our Heads.
See *Virgil* upon *Turnus.* 7.

Nothing's so high, but what Mankind will dare,
Push'd to excess of Ill, and Crimes unknown :
Scarce will our Pride the Gods themselves forbear,
Or suffer *Jove* to lay his Thunder down.

446. *Diriguere oculi.* And accordingly our Author in much such another Fright, occasioned by Storms and Monsters, does not set *Eurypa* a crying, though she was a very young Girl at that time, but only makes her look Pale. *Carm.* 3. 23. Besides, we never find in *Homer* and *Virgil*, whose Heroes were great Driv'lers, and much addicted to Whining and Sniv'ling, on which account they are censured by some Modern Block-heads, that *Ulysses* or *Aeneas*, when they were at Sea, and in danger of being cast away, did ever shed a Tear: But they would bawl or groan most grievously; Nature is apt to talk that sort of Language, to let loose the Voice, but shut up the Sluices of the Eyes. Throw a Man into the Fire, or into the Water, or hold a naked Sword to his Throat, do you think he would Cry for any such Matter? You see then what an Absurdity this is; and this same Expression, *Dry Eyes*, must in your Eyes, if you have any, make but an odd sort of a Figure. He, says *Horace*, who can see all this with *Dry Eyes*, must have a hard Heart plated with Brass, and could look any sort of Death in the Face; But not to Cry on those Occasions, where

the rest of Mankind are apt to Cry, is not Valour but Insensibility, and proves a Man to be Savage not Bold, Inhuman and not Magnanimous. See *Ovid. Heroid.* II. 10. Other Writers have observed as much: and then *Horace* is strangely out in this Place. We must therefore look out for something else besides *Dry-Eyes*, which may better express an Heroick Mind. And behold I here present you with the very Lines, just as they came out of *Horace's* Scrutore!

Qui rectis oculis monstra nantia,

Qui vidit mare turbidum.

You see the Alteration is a Trifle, nor does this differ so much from the vulgar Reading. So that I am amazed at the Impudence of those sawcy *Librarians*, who durst venture upon such a strange piece of Presumption; Especially since this Lesson is a Rarity, the other Trite and Vulgar. This makes it Sense, and is of Authority sufficient to annul the Act and Deed of at least two Hundred Transcribers, if they should offer to contradict it. See *Seneca. Epist.* 104. *Id. de Constant.* c. 3. *Suetonius. Augu.* c. 16. Now what think you? Are you not clearly

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446.

early of Opinion, that those terrible Objects, those frightful Hobgoblins, the Monsters, Waves, and Rocks, are no longer to be look'd upon *Siccis oculis*, with Dry Eyes, but *reſſis oculis*, with Steady Eyes? For he is truly the brave Fellow, who in a time of Danger, will not so much as wink or turn away his Head. See *Tacitus de mor. Germ.* c. 33. and *Pliny* against Winking. *Hif.* 11. 37. Hence it is, that To have a Steadfast Look and to Look a Man in the Face (I have told you already what is Greek for it) are always prædicated of the Stoutest Blades. See *Seneca* concerning the best way of having one's Throat cut. *Epist.* 76. and *Cicero de Rogitio.* Part. c. ult. I have corrected the Passage which others struck at, and would have you stand to it boldly and bravely. See *Statius, Theb.* 10. 537. *Juvenal.* 6. 339. Where *Reſſâ facie* is put for Impudence. *Boetius.* de Consol. metro. 4. *Sophocles.* *Ædip.* *Tyran.* p. 205. Ed. Steph. *Theocritus.* *Idyl.* 5. 35. *Arrian* *Epist.* fine libri 3. *Archidamas orati.* ad mili. *Xenoph.* *Hellen.* 7. p. 620. *Hierax* *Stobæi* 2. *Aristides* pro quatuor viris. Tom. 2. p. 299. de *Themistocle.* The *Latins* are for lifting up the Eyes to meet any Terror or Menaces. See *Lucretius.* . 67.

— Tollere contra
Est oculos ausus. —

All the Copies of *Lucretius*

read *Tollere*, and they are Coxcombs who would put *Tendere* out of *Nonius* in its room. See *Livy* 6. 16. touching looking *Tribunes* and *Dictators* in the Face. *Seneca* *Epist.* 71. *Plutarch* περὶ εὐθῆ, p. 847. *Seneca de benef.* 1. 3. *Auſtor Oſtavia.* 5. 481. The *Greeks* have a nice Word for this, which is ἀντορθαλμείν, for which *Polybius* the Historian had a very great fancy, as 1. 68. 2. 24. 3. 14. 64. and 4. 32. and 34. Besides, they thought it a Mark of Valour to look foreright without winking. *Aristophanes* *Equit.* 5. 292. *Lucian* in *Κατα* p. 270. de *Megapenth.* *Tyran.* *Oppian.* *Cyneg.* 1. 208. de *Equo.*

Η πῶς ἅντα δίδορκεν ΑΣ.
ΚΑΡΔΑΜΥΚΤΟΙΣΙΝ ὀπταῖς
Αἰζνοῖσι λόχον πεπυκασμένῳ
ὀπλήτῃσι.

Which Passage the greatest of Men, *Julius Scaliger* in *Epinom.* produces to shew, that the *Cretick Foot* (as here *καρδαμυκτ*) is sometimes tolerated in *Hexameters*; but to no purpose; for so terse a Poet would never claim so strange a Privilege. Without doubt we must clap in: ἀταρμυκτοῖσιν, for this Word signifies all one as ἀσκαρδαμυκτοῖσιν, i. e. Not-winking. Whence *Euphorion* apud *Etymol.* & *Suid.* Also correct *Hesychius*, and for ἀταρμυκτοῖσιν write ἀτάρμυκτον, for so the run of the Words will have it, *Lycephron*, according to the present

sent Reading, v. 1177. has *καρπύσσουσαν*. However, the Etymologist's Authority is good, and you must restore *καρμύσσουσαν*, as is still extant in one written Copy. But to draw to a Conclusion, and to finish off our present Emendation. We have, I suppose, got over all Difficulties, and satisfied you, that either Horace did positively write *Reffis oculis*, or should have done it; if you deny one of these Points, I must tell you that you don't know what sort of a Blade Horace was, and if you deny both, we know what sort of a Blade you are.

(b) *Qui vidit mare turgidum.* The Venetian Edition 1478, which I reckon the first, reads *turgidum*: The German of Lofcher, *turbidum*; but the succeeding Editions stick close to *turgidum*. The better sort of Copies declare some for one, some for t'other; and truly I can very well away with either of those Readings. See *Prudentius Peri.* Steph. s. 475. *Avienus* in *A-rateis*. These are for *turgidum*. *Virgil* is for *Tumidum*. The Greeks write *αλιον υιδμα*. Yet I have no manner of doubt, but that Horace wrote *turbidum*, which is an Epithet of more force, and more terrible. *Lucret.* s. 998. *Ovid.* Trif. 1. 1c. *Leand. Her. Seneca* *Her. Oct.* 456. *Avienus* in *A-rateis*, these all make use of *turbidum*, especially in Sea Affairs. So that I begin to fear, since *turbidum* has so many Votes, whether *Prudentius* and *Avienus*, in the places

just cited, are not to be altered accordingly.

(c) *Infames scopulos Acroceraunia.* *Virgil, Aeneid* 3. 506. mentions *Ceraunia*, where *Servius* confirms this reading in *Horace*, and tells us, that the *Ceraunia* were Mountains in *Epirus*, which were call'd so, as being very high, and liable to be Thunder-struck. *Horace* is more express, and hints both at the Thunder and Loftiness of these Rocks, by calling them *Acroceraunia*. *Lactantius* ad *Statii Theb.* 1. 133. *Infames scirone petras.* Observe, says he, They are called infames, according to that in *Horace*. *Infames scopulos*. This he repeats at the 3d 121, and 6. 156. But in the last of these Places, the old Books read *alta ceraunia*, as is observed by *Theod. Marcilius* and *Geor. Fabricius*, in their Notes on this very Ode. Whence *Will. Baxter*, a Fellow of a close Head, in a late Edition of *Horace*, has alter'd it to *Alta Ceraunia*. But I wish he had not done it; for the Authority of one suspected Place can never be good against two other Passages in *Lactantius*, and against *Servius*, who is much older, and all the Copies of *Horace* every where dispersed. Nor can I away with this double Epithet, *Infames, alta*, which no body will bear with, who has any taste for Poetry. *Ακροκέραινα* is in imitation of *ακροκόρινθος*, being a long ridge of Mountains with a Promontary at the end of them called *Acroceraunia*. See *Ovid Remed. am.* 5. 739. and

and Pliny Hist. 3. 23. and in four or five other Places mentions them as Mountains in *Epirus*. *Lucius Ampelius*, ca. 5. says, *Parnassus Acroceraunia* in *Epino*. He would make *Acroceraunia* common, but that's a Mistake; for except the Places I have cited, I believe he will be at a loss to find *Acroceraunia* any where else: for *Ceraunia* is the common Word, both among the Poets and others.

(d) *Necquiquam Deus abscidit prudens oceano diffociabili terras.*] *Diffociabili* was always taken Passively (as the Grammarians call it) in this place; and they made these words bear this Sense, *It was well done of Jupiter, to separate the Earth from the Sea, which was therefore cut off and divided from it.* See *Ovid. Metam.* 1. 22. *Statius Silv.* 3. 2. v. 61. But some later Writers have taken upon them to give the words another turn, thus: *It was well done of Jupiter to separate one Country from another, by the Interposition of the Sea.* See *Lucretius*. And then the better to countenance their own Projects, they resolv'd to make *Diffociabili* Active, and not Passive, as the other Commentators had appointed, i. e. *Diffociabilis, qui terras diffociat*, much like *genetabilis aura*, *penetrabile frigus*, and the rest. And this Interpretation must, as I find, stand for good, and pass current. For once, I'll humour you, and suffer *Diffociabilis* to be receiv'd Actively, that is Analogically:

and yet 'tis impossible to find it any where else in that Acceptation. But now see what foolish work you have made here? and what Sense this is: *Jove separated the Earth from the Sea, which was divided from it: or as some explain the place, Jove divided the Earth from the Sea, which was divided by the Sea; will any one be persuaded, that this putid and tautological Stuff could come from Horace?* Now do but add one Letter and write *Diffociabilis*, if you have any Sense in you, which is the very same with what we call *Diffociabiles*, according to the new Mode of Spelling, and then take it thus: *It was to no purpose, says Horace, that Jupiter so providentially divided one Country from another by the interposition of the Sea, since Mortals can so easily Skip over these Bounds, and pass in Ships from one Country to another, and join them by Commerce, though they were divided by Jupiter.* Now you see, the Words and Meaning hang together, and look something like. *Statius. Sil.* 3. 32. observes, that *Sicily* was thus divided from *Italy*. *Florus* 2. 8. & *Valer Flaccus* 2. 615. Both make mention of other Countries, that were parted by the Seas. *Seneca* has much the same Notion with our Author, about the separation of Sea and Land, and makes sad Dogs of the *Argonauts* for pretending to Navigation, and to drive a forbidden Trade. *Medea* 335. I fancy by this time, I have said

said enough to make out our own Emendation. There is something behind, which will clearly refute the Whimsical Notions of others. For that first Interpretation, by which the Sea is supposed to be divided from the Land, and thereby guarded from the Attempts of Sailing, cannot consist with the following Words,

— Si tamen impia
Non tangenda rates transiliunt
vada.

For why *transiliunt*? this word implies, that not only the Seas should be attempted, but also that several Foreign Countries should be attempted by the Seas, and a Commerce set up in defiance of Nature. For it can never be made out, that the Ocean should deserve this Name *Dissociabilis*, which is never used for things of a different Nature, or for one Thing aggre-

gate and concrete of Things of a different Nature. See *Tacitus. Agric. 3. Claudian. in Ruff. 2. 238. Prudentius. Pslycom. 763.* There is no reason why the Sea should be called *Dissociabilis*, unless part of it be separated, split, or divided from t'other; but *Horace* never design'd any such thing.

(e) *Nil mortalibus arduum est.*] The better sort of Copies read *ardui*: so *Cruquius*, and the rest, to which our oldest Books, the *Gravian* and *Leiden*, and that belonging to *Queen's-College*, with others, agree. Add to these the Copy of *Barthius*, which is of good repute. *Advers. 35. 2.* This Lesson is therefore to be received, and the Spurious one to be rejected. *Epist. 2. 3.* All which is approved by that most elegant Gentleman, *Nick. Heinsius*, vi. *Ovid. Heroid. 8.* 104.

NOTES upon NOTES. ODE 3.

EGO verometiculosum quem-
vis, etiam feminam, id posse
crastare dico.] Our Commen-
tator gives us in this Place a
very learned Dissertation up-
on Crying. The Directors of
the *Ferula*, and they who
manage the *Birchen Scepter*,
are extreamey well qualified
for such a Subject; *Horace*,
it seems, had ventured to
say, that he, who first sail'd
among Rocks, and Sea-mon-
sters, was a hard-hearted Fel-
low, if he could with dry Eyes
behold those terrible Objects;
but the Dr. affirms, that this

is no wonder at all: since a
young Girl can't cry, if she
would, at such a Sight. For,
says he, a sudden Consterna-
tion dries the Eyes more than
any thing. Indeed I was al-
ways of Opinion, that *Raw-
head* and *Bloody-bones* were
naughty Words, and that our
English Nurses did very ill, to
use any such Language to
our Children, when an Onion
might have done as well;
and I am heartily glad, the
Dr. has found a way to for-
bid these words having any
Operation for the Future.

Sup-

34 NOTES upon NOTES. ODE 3.

Suppose you cry, *Beh!* to a Young Girl, or run in and tell her, that the *Bull-beggar* is coming to fetch her; and I question whether these Attempts may not come under the Notion of a *sudden Conspiration*; may it not so happen that such a Girl puts Finger in Eye, unless she be told that Dr. B. has given Orders to the contrary, and will certainly whip her if she does? There are Cradles, Rattles, and a good Collection of *Odes*, called *Lullabies*, which are much used to quiet Children on these Occasions: but never was a more dexterous Invention than to set all these aside, and prove by Demonstration to the Child's own Face, that it cannot Cry if it would never so fain. As for the valiant Sailor, if in a *sudden Conspiration* he should hold out, and not leak at the Eyes, though it were the first time of his going to Sea, I own it would not be so great a Wonder; but then what does the Dr. mean here by a *sudden Conspiration*? The first Man that ever went to Sea, most certainly expected to meet Storms and Winds there as well as at Land: And if ever he survey'd the Ocean from the Shore, he must also have Reason to believe, that he should now and then meet such a thing as a Rock, which, as the Dr. Observes, being so much like a Mountain, could not be so strange and terrible an Object; as for the Monsters, the Sharks, Whales,

Dolphins, Sea-horses, &c. if they popp'd up their Heads all in a Body, just as our new Adventurer pass'd by, I own I believe he would be daunted; But take his Journal thus. *Ditto* 13. a shoal of *Pilchards*. Wind at E. The 14th *Ditto*. *Stormy*. Lost an Anchor. Two Sharks came up with us. *Ditto* 15. The *Bishop and Clerks*. Took a *Sturgeon*. The 16th *Ditto*. Stood in for *Kingroad*. Wind at S. W. Here we see the *Storm*, the *Rock*, the *Pilchards*, and the *Sturgeons*; do not all come upon a Man in a Moment, and therefore I see no reason, why the Dr. should put him into so sudden a Fright. But now when a young Sailor has time to reflect on all these Objects one after another, to consider, that perhaps worse is coming, and at the same time what he has left behind on Shore, if the Handkerchief should come out, *Horace* is right; but as far as I can find, the Dr. does not manage the Sea so well as *Neptune* did, but brings his Rocks, his Storms and Monsters, all upon the poor Mariner together, to fright him out of his Wits, on purpose to keep him from Crying. Indeed he is very right, where he says, that throw a Creature into a Well, this fright shall not draw a Tear from its Eyes: but if it does, you must impute it to *Passion, Desire, or some such Motive*. This may serve as an admirable Comment on that ancient *Lyrick Poem*. There

NOTES upon NOTES. ODE 3. 35

There was two Cats sat on a Well,
And one of them fell in;
The other Cat that sat by,
Wept bitterly:
Because that Cat was t' other
Cat's Cousin-Germin.

Where you see the surviving Cat takes no Notice of a Fright, but Weeps out of Desire and Passion for her Relation that was drowned, which confirms the Dr's Criticism.

V L T S S E S & AENEAS ingemunt & vociferantur.] The Dr. is concerned for Homer and Virgil's Heroes, lest they should be censured as Driv'lers: and therefore takes notice, that in a Storm, which he calls a sudden Conspiration, they never cry'd, but only groan'd and bawl'd most hideously. This is much for the Honour of those worthy Gentlemen, Aeneas and Ulysses: for certainly if they would, they might have held their Tongues and not made such a Noise; But the Dr. says, neither they, nor any other Milk-sop, could have cry'd if they would in such a case: So that it seems they did their best to prove they were frightened, which was done like Men of Honour.

Atqui siccos ad rem aliquam tenere oculos, ubi mortalium plerisque lacrima excuterentur, non tam roboris est, quam duritia.] Horace falls again under the Dr's Displeasure, for making Dry Eyes a Mark of a brave Mind on some Occasions; whereas, says he, it proves a Man to be Savage

and Inhuman. And yet Horace is so far from describing a truly brave Man in this Place, that I think he sufficiently proves him to be Savage, by saying, that his Heart was plated with Brass. *Es triplex circa pectus*: Which I take to be worse, than if he had given him the Heart of a Lion or a Bear. But I find the Dr. is of Opinion, that a Man may have Brass in his Constitution without prejudice to his Humanity.

Is demum intrepido & invicto est animo, qui neque con niveat ad intentatum periculum, neque vultum avertat.] The Dr. produces many pertinent and learned Quotations from Antiquity, against that scandalous Custom of *Winking in times of danger*; but I wonder he omits the Moderns on this Occasion, who might afford him so much Additional Matter on the Subject, especially since the Invention of Guns: where great Enlargements might have been made upon *Prime and Touch-holes*.

Alterum si negas, qui Horatius sit, omnino nescis: sin utrumque; vereor ne, qui tu sis, optimè sciamus.]. Tho' the words *Fool and Blockhead* are not expressed here, yet they are most certainly to be understood, as being very familiar to our learned Commentator. For the Dr. here puts a very shrewed Dilemma, Whether Horace be not a Fool, or the Reader? but considering there is also a Third Person concerned in the Business,

finess, I am amazed to think he should exempt him from the hazard of the very same Imputation.

TURBIDUM fortius epitheton est, & majorem terrorem incutit.] There is a great Controversie in this Place ; the two Candidates are, *turgidum* & *turbidum* ; the Dr. takes the Poll, summons the Authors to Vote, then casts up the Books, and declares in favour of *turbidum* : which, says he, is a more forcible and more terrible Epithet than *turgidum*. Now all the difference lies between two Letters *B* and *G* : and the Dr. is for the first. As for *G*, I own there is much to be said in its behalf ; there are several sorts of Oaths of great Force and Terror, in which it is of singular Use and Virtue: *Gog*, *Gorgon*, *Gun-powder*, and many other frightful things begin with this very Letter. As for *B*, I do not find, though it stands high in the *Alphabet*, that it is altogether so terrible ; there is indeed a Conjuror or two, and some few Devils, whose Names set out with a *B* : but I had forgot, that our high and mighty *Scholiast* gives this for his *Mark*, and

therefore let all Readers keep their Distance, and for the future approach this dreadful Letter with Fear and Reverence.

Initium Epiri, montes Acroceraunia.] Our Author takes great Pains to prove from Antiquity, that the Rocks, which, in *Horace's* Opinion, might be so terrible to a young Salior out at Sea, were Mountains in *Epirus*, and that *Parnassus* was one of them. Indeed he does not give any account, how Mountains at Land should be terrible to Men at Sea, who no Question could not but be strangely frightened, to meet in such or such a Latitude a Hill or two newly arrived from *Epirus*. But *Parnassus* being one of these Hills, has I suppose, learnt all the rest the Trick of travelling up and down, and visiting People ; for who is there, that does not reckon *Parnassus* among his Lands and Tenements ? And why should not Dr. *B.* remove a Mountain into a Sea, since the learned Author of a Dissertation on *Phalaris* has remov'd the Sea over Mountains, and made *Agrigentum* a Sea-port Town in the middle of Sicily ?

The End of the First Part.

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